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ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

KID, THE PIRATE.

Of all the pirates that ever infested the seas, none has left so terrible a name behind him as Capt. Robert Kid. When England sent him out to be the protector of her commerce, it was like turning the wolf into the sheepfold. With an appetite for plunder that the wealth of the world could not have satiated, he attacked every merchantman that came in his way; and having plundered them of all that was valuable, sent them and their crews to the bottom of the ocean, leaving the story of their fate to be told by the winds and waves. The wide field of his depredations extended along the Atlantic from the West Indies to New-England; and such was the havoc he made, that the commerce of the new world was, for a time, almost annihilated.

At various places along the coast he kept depositories for his plunder, where he and his comrades were accustomed to revel in the gratification of unbridled licentiousness; and where, it is believed by many, he held communication with the spirits of the infernal world. At many of these places he buried chests of money; some few of which have been found; but very little of the money has ever been obtained.

The mode of depositing his money must be revolting to every bosom in which crime has not extinguished the conscience, and turned the heart to stone. A party of his sailors went with him, armed with muskets, while he carried only a spade on his shoulder, and his cutlass by his side. When they arrived at the spot where the chest was to be buried, he dug a place for it with his own hands several feet in depth, while the party stood by in profound silence. The chest was then deposited, no one being allowed to speak while the work was going on, under penalty of death. Kid then stepped back a few paces and said 'Boys! who'll guard the chest?'

Whoever desired this honor, stepped forward and answered, 'I.'

There were always several competitors, and the privilege was granted to the bravest. The one who was selected, then gave up his musket to Kid, and went and sat down upon the chest: Kid shot him through the heart, and covered him and the chest up together.

It is a fact not generally known, that Kid sometimes buried his chests of money far in the interior of the country. On several occasions he ascended the Connecticut and some of its tributary streams, and one of his chests of money actually lies buried in the town of Springfield, Mass. to this very day. Few attempts have ever been made to find it: and probably most of the present inhabitants of that place are ignorant of the rich treasure that lies concealed beneath their soil. But that the chest is actually there, and contains a vast quantity of money, is beyond all doubt; for there were persons living, only a few years since, who had seen it with their own eyes, and could testify to the fact.

About twenty-five years ago, a party of the armorers went out to dig for the money. They were under the direction of one Jake Gunns, a fellow in whose hands the mineral rod would work to a charm, and who understood all the ceremonies to be used in digging for buried treasures, and counteracting the agency of evil spirits. There are but few persons whom nature has so highly favored as to vest in them the requisite qualifications for pursuing this business with success. If a person does not happen to be born under a certain planet, and at a certain time of night; and if several other circumstances do not concur in regard to him, most of which are not to be told to common people, it is of no use for him to take a mineral rod into his hands, nor would it be possible for him to discover a single trace of a buried money chest.

The mineral rod is composed of a crotched stick, such as is sometimes used in Old Hadley for making the upper part of a goose yoke, except that it is smaller. The longest end

must be sharpened ; and when used, the other two ends must be held tight in the hands. No wood, except witch hazle and apple tree, has been found to answer the purpose. When the mineral rod is used by the right persons, its sharpened end will point towards gold or silver with as much accuracy as the needle points towards the pole. Jake has been known, many a time, to take his mineral rod and find a silver dollar that had been buried in a ten acre lot.

The party above mentioned was composed of eight persons. They assembled at eleven o'clock at night, at a place previously appointed for their rendezvous ; each observing, as is necessary in such cases, a profound secrecy in regard to the expedition. Jake was provided with a crow bar, a spade and a mineral rod ; and from previous observations had discovered that the money chest lay on the bank of a small rivulet, within a little distance of the Connecticut. The sky was perfectly cloudless ; the moon had just gone down ; and the horizon was apparently studded with an infinite number of stars, faintly twinkling through the humid atmosphere. The light breezes which had been flitting about through the day, fit emblems of some other things that do nothing but flit about, had gone to their repose, with the forest leaves for their bed clothing ; and every thing was still except the ceaseless flow of the noble Connecticut, whose monotonous roar added to the solemnity of the night.

The party, preceded by Jake, soon travelled to the spot which was to be the scene of their operations ; the imagination of each one glowing with the image of the bright gold that filled the money chest, and which soon was to be transferred to their own empty pockets, and make them rich enough to cope with Uncle Sam himself. Their thoughts were principally occupied in contriving what to do with so much money ; and the more they thought of it, the more each one thought his own share would not be as much as he should want. So true it is that the thirst of gain can never be satisfied.

Jake had already given them their directions again and again ; and the subject had been talked over among them so many times, they felt sure that no one would make a mistake. All things being prepared, Jake began to handle the mineral rod. He held it in such a manner that the sharpened end pointed directly upwards. As he walked along towards the south, it began to turn ; and although he held it perfectly tight, the end soon pointed directly downwards. It was attracted with such force as actually to twist the bark from the stick. Making a mark on the spot to which it pointed, he went a few rods eastward, and holding the rod as before, proceeded west, towards the mark he made. Before he arrived at the mark, the sharpened end pointed down again. At last he found a place where the rod would point directly down on approaching it from

any direction. This place was of course, directly over the money chest. Here he drew a circle about six feet in diameter ; and after performing certain ceremonies, commenced digging, while the rest of the party stood around, just outside of the circle, ready to aid him in lifting out the chest when he should give the signal ; but no one was to speak, whatever might happen. After throwing out a considerable quantity of sand, Jake came to a sort of gravel, mixed with pebble stones, to loosen which he thought the crow bar would be useful. He accordingly took the bar, and began to strike it into the ground. While he was thus engaged, something seized the lower end of it, and began to drag it away. He determined not to lose his hold, come what might ; and was accordingly dragged along after it. The bar was soon dragged into the woods, and he with it. Here he was drawn through bushes and briars and mud puddles, and over logs and brush heaps, till his clothes were torn absolutely to tatters, and the blood streamed from his whole body. He was then taken across a plough field, where he was completely covered with dust ; then across a meadow, where water snakes were crossing and recrossing his path, and gliding about in every direction. At length he was dragged down to the very bank of the Connecticut, where there is a deep and gloomy cove ; and just as he supposed himself about to be plunged into it, the bar was suddenly left, and he found himself standing and holding it in the very spot where he had been digging. He had been under the influence of a charm, supposed to be the spirit of the buccaneer who had been left to guard the chest ; and had appeared to his companions to be standing still and holding the bar the whole time.

The charm having left him, he proceeded to loosen the earth, and throw it out with his spade. Soon, a loud growl was heard near them ; and on looking up they observed a large bear approaching them with his mouth wide open. Some of them were considerably startled at first ; but fortunately no one spoke, and the bear, instead of attacking them, kept walking about and growling.

About twenty feet distant from them was a little thicket of bushes, in which a stir was made. Some of them, casting their eyes that way, observed a pair of large, green, fiery eyes looking fiercely towards them. The eyes soon moved ; and finally approached very near the spot where the party stood ; but nothing was visible around them, and it was impossible to tell what they belonged to. While their attention was absorbed by this mysterious appearance, they were suddenly startled by hearing some one speak out behind them 'Jake ! wont you have some rum ?'

The voice sounded harsh and grating as if the person's throat were rusty. Looking around to see who it was, they discovered a man standing about a rod from them, with a junk bottle in his hand which he held out

towards Jake. He was a large, fat, miserly looking old fellow, with black, curly hair, a red face, and a nose that looked like a blue potatoe. He was also crosseyed. Jake looked up at him a moment, and then went to work again. After standing there a short time, the old man took an iron tobacco box out of his pocket, put a quid in his mouth and said 'Ahem!' He then turned his back and limped off, and they could distinctly see that he had one cloven foot. Suddenly he left the ground and steered across the river head foremost through the air, leaving behind him a long blue streak, and an intolerable stench of brimstone.

A sudden breeze springing up from the south, brought to their ears the loud sound of a bell; and they could soon distinguish clearly the tones of the Longmeadow meeting house bell, ringing an alarm of fire. In a few moments the horizon in that direction grew faintly light; by degrees the light increased; and soon the blaze itself was seen peering above the tops of the trees. Fear fixed them to the spot where they stood, and made their tongues cleave to the roof of their mouths. The fierce blaze was evidently approaching; and in a few moments it turned a point of land, and presented to their astonished view the river all on fire, and blazing up to the very heavens. The southern breeze drove the fire rapidly along; and it soon passed them enveloped the river as far as they could see, from south to north; making the night more brilliant than the brightest noonday.

Notwithstanding all these things, Jake continued to dig, after having thrown out the earth to the depth of several feet, he again took his bar in his hand, and in a short time it struck upon something that sounded like wood. In a few moments more a piece of board was laid bare, which was easily split with the bar, and disclosed to his eyes the pieces of shining gold of which he was in search. For a moment, the whole party forgot the bear and the flaming river and all the other terrors that surrounded them, in the ecstatic joy of their success. Jake continued to remove the earth, and soon ascertained that he had actually uncovered a chest about three feet square, filled with gold coin. He gave the signal for assistance, and the whole party joined him in removing the chest from its bed. It required their whole strength to remove it at all; but by the aid of the iron bar they succeeded, with great exertion, in rolling it to the surface of the ground. Having got it fairly out of the hole, they stopped to breathe a moment, and Mat-Rifle could contain himself no longer.

'By hokey!' says he, 'I guess Lec Wallis wont give me the mitten again arter this,' and as he spoke the chest tumbled back into its bed, and moved off into the solid earth entirely out of their sight, leaving no trace of its path behind it. At the same time the bear disappeared, the flame subsided, and the party found themselves standing by the side of the exca-

vation that Jake had made in the earth, which exhibited no remarkable appearance. Mat had spoken too soon, for the chest had not been removed outside of the magic circle that was drawn around the place of excavation.

The whole party stood, for a while, in mute astonishment. Jake was the first who spoke. Ready to burst with wrath, he addressed Mat, — 'You darn'd fool,' says he, 'I hope you'll larn not to brag next time, 'till you're sure you've got something to brag of.' 'Yes,' says another, 'a fellow that can't keep the gals out of his mind, always will be a darn'd fool.'

'I advise you hereafter to keep your tongue between your teeth,' says a third.

'I'll tell you what,' says a fourth, 'I always heard it said that money diggers get their labor for their pains; and I think we had better all go home and go about our business, and keep this scrape to ourselves, and then the money we get won't be apt to slip away from us so easy.'

Day light began to appear, and Jake informed them that it was too late to do any thing further at that time; so they agreed unanimously to bend their way homeward. Thus ended their expedition. The most useful part of it was the advice given at its close, which it may be well enough for some others besides money diggers to think of occasionally.

For the Rural Repository.

MISS.

By Three of us—No. 2.

THE CRUSADES.

There have been periods in the world's history emphatically denominated 'dark ages'—ages which were darkened by the veil of ignorance, superstition and bigotry, which Catholicism had for centuries been weaving closer and closer around the mind of man. There has been an era in particular, when the Catholic religion held an influence over the Christian world, as stern and powerful perhaps, as that creed exercises, which presents to the Moslem's sensual imagination a Peri's paradise. It was for the interest of this religion that the light of revelation should not shed its glorious influence upon a benighted world—that the literature of the age should be confined within the narrow precincts of the cloister; and that all the instruction which flowed from the lips of the cowed monk should teach the deluded devotee that entire obedience to his priest was the most exalted virtue.

The effect of such a state of things was to prolong the age in which mind was chained down by superstition—when the acme of glory was to poise the lance most dexterously, on 'couted charger, and, for the smile of beauty, to 'prick forth in mad career' in battle or the tournament.

At this period, the Saracen possessed the Holy-Land; and the pilgrim whose adventurous spirit of piety bade him speed to the sepulchre of Christ, underwent all the dangers and

privations attendant upon the Christian who travelled through the dominions of a nation, whose prophet promised paradise for a Christian's head.

To perform this journey, however, was, at the time we speak of, considered as an almost indispensable duty; and among the myriads of those, who had, in obedience to their own desires as well as to public sentiment, visited Jerusalem, was one in particular, universally known by the name of Peter the Hermit. Indignant at the sufferings Christians had to endure in seeking the tomb of their Saviour, this enthusiast—this zealot in the cause of his religion, returned to Europe, fired with the idea of redeeming the sepulchre from infidel possession.

Prompted as he supposed, by inspiration from heaven, he preached the Crusade to nearly all the civilized world. Bare-footed and clothed in the coarsest materials he visited every court in Europe. He exhorted the knight, by his love of chivalry and every thing that was ennobling, by the duty which he owed to God and to his fellow men, to arm in defence of Christianity. To the common people and ignorant he advanced the idea that it was sweet to die fighting the enemies of their religion; and that, like Musselmén, when they thus died, paradise awaited them. To the criminal, he proffered pardon, if he would enlist under Crusading banners. The religious fanatic believed the visions of his heated imagination, to be inspiration from on high and sharpened his dagger for the contest. To the military enthusiast, he presented a wide field of fame and glory ready for the harvest. In fact, the Crusading preacher, advanced every idea which could work upon the superstition, or rouse the passions of his hearers. That he succeeded in his design the bones of the myriads of chivalry as well as the lower class of the people in Europe, which have enriched the plains of Hungary as well as Palestine, can well attest. The cruelty, however, with which they carried on the contest, tends in a great measure to dry the tear, which sympathizing nature feels ready to shed, at the recital of their unfortunate story.

During the long ages, in which the Crusades were carried on, the Christian seemed to vie with the Saracen in cruelty and blood-thirstiness; and the 'fancied authority of heaven deeply embittered the already wild and ferocious character of the soldier.' In general too, when the cross had been marked upon the militant's shoulder, 'a holy hatred mingled with his valor' and the knight of chivalry, and romance seemed to have forgotten his character, in that of the stern fanatic.

In fact in Palestine, that great scene, where glory and superstition acted so well their several parts, an altar was reared at which millions of mankind were wantonly sacrificed, and Humanity weeps at the remembrance that such wild enthusiasm and military ardour

should have destroyed earth's noblest as well as worst.

In considering the effects of the Crusade, we shall find, that their tendency was to render still deeper the shades of ignorance and superstition which then brooded over the world, and like mildew dampened its every energy. The general tone of character also was much embittered by so long continuing to exercise the ferocious passions of the heart; but in the language of another, 'so visionary was the object,' which the Crusaders had in view 'so apparently remote from all selfish relations, that their fanaticism almost wears a character of generous virtue.' In a political point of view the Crusades were not favourable, for the time being, to the prosperity of Europe. From these wars she returned exhausted in her resources and her population. Instead of reconciling the clashing interests of various nations, they tended to foment jealousies and create discord; and their 'national dislikes,' were now firmly cemented by individual hatred between princes. They tended however to promote, after a lapse of time, the interests of the commonalty, and to bring into existence free states—little republics. This is the only thing in their effects upon which we can dwell with pleasure. But we are no advocates for the maxim 'produce good, by means, good or bad,' we cannot then forbear censure. In as much, therefore, as the Saracen had as just a claim to Palestine as England or any of the other Western Kingdoms, these wars were begun unjustly—and so they were carried on only by means of the blood of millions—as they ended in leaving Jerusalem in the hands of the Infidel, and scattered their poisonous effects over all the civilized world, we shed no tear to their memory.

Y. L. W.

For the Rural Repository.

LEAP-YEAR PRIVILEGES, Or the Mysteries of St. Dennis.

I was sitting alone in my room, one evening a few weeks since; basking myself in the blaze of a cheerful wood fire, and thinking over in my mind, how much more of the real *otium cum dignitate* of life, I enjoyed by such a fire, than those vulgar fellows who heat their rooms with a heathenish salamander, and breathe the sulphurous steam of the infernal *pit*, even on the confines of this world; when the train of my reflections was suddenly broken by a violent thumping against my window next the street, so loud and startling, that I instantly found myself raised about a foot from the floor. I ran directly into the street and saw several young ladies tripping it away like fairies, and vanishing in darkness. I went back into the house, trembling with astonishment, and informed my landlady what had happened. She smiled at my perplexity and replied—'Oh! Mr. Celebs, the girls meant no harm—it's *Leap-year*.' 'Indeed,' I replied,

seeming to understand her explanation; for it is a maxim with me, never to let the vulgar know that they are wiser than myself, on any subject. I returned to my room, however, more puzzled than before to know what Leap-year had to do with young ladies thundering at a bachelor's window, as loud as if heaven and earth were coming together; but my speculations on this subject were soon interrupted by a second rapping on my window, still louder than before, and so appalling that as I recoiled in affright I stumbled over the black servant, who was replenishing my fire, and fell prostrate on the floor. As I recovered, Cuffee anticipated the cause of my overthrow, and displaying an extraordinary quantity of ivory, he ejaculated—'Massee, de gals—de gals—*it be Leap-year?*' Enraged and chagrined that the Darkee should attempt to enlighten me—a member of the right honorable fraternity of the Phi Beta Kappa—I kicked him out of the room, and snatching up my hat, rushed into the street, determined if possible to banish every thought of the events of the evening. But vain, alas, the endeavor; the sound of that awful crash against my window—the Darkee's hellish grin, and his damnable—'*it be Leap-year?*'—constantly haunted my imagination. I quickened my pace and whistled my sprightliest tunes in order to break the spell; but all in vain—the phantom—'*it be Leap-year—it be Leap-year?*'—still pursued me, and I was on the point of abandoning my walk and returning home, when a young lady of my acquaintance, glided from her father's mansion into the street—familiarily slipped her arm into mine, with—'A delightful evening Mr. Celebs—don't you think a little promenade *would be truly a luxury?*' I was so shocked at this unaccountable familiarity on the part of a young lady with whom I was never on terms of intimacy, that instead of replying, I shrunk back several steps and stood gazing at her in mute astonishment. To remove my embarrassment, the fair one set up a loud laugh, accompanied with the exclamation—'Why, Mr. Celebs, *it's Leap-year!*' 'Oh yes!' I replied—at length finding a tongue—and as if her *eclaircissement* was perfectly intelligible—I offered her my arm and we both moved on, 'to enjoy the *luxury* of a promenade.' To her constant prattle, interlarded with many a very long word, I responded only in monosyllables: for that mysterious exclamation—'why Mr. Celebs *it's Leap-year?*' was constantly ringing in my ears, and occupied my mind with a kind of suspense that was truly agonizing. At length, as we were passing a store brilliantly illuminated—my fair partner slipped from my arm—ran up to the window, splendidly decorated with ribbons, &c. and commenced such a hurried clattering on the panes of glass, that the two clerks within rolled from the counter on which they were reclining, on to the floor, and screamed out with pain and affright—my fair one then bounded off with the

speed of an antelope, leaving me in a most ridiculous scrape; for the clerks ran out and taking me for the culprit began pelting me with snow balls and other missiles in so rude a manner that I also was obliged to run for safety. When I came up with my companion, covered with snow, I commenced remonstrating—'My dear Miss Primrose, is it possible?'—my speech was cut short by her exclaiming, loud enough to be heard over the whole block—'Why, Mr. Celebs, are you dreaming—why *it's Leap-year?*'—'Oh! very true,' said I—'really I had forgotten'—Again we moved on, and as often as we passed a store where some spruce clerk was conspicuous, my companion played off the same pranks on the windows, to the no small alarm of the Knights of the Tape, one of whom was so astounded that he let fall a beautiful china jar, which he was displaying to a lady across the counter, and broke it in a thousand pieces. At length in passing a store, where a quantity of empty barrels were piled before the window, which rendered it rather difficult of access, my companion insisted on committing her accustomed assault on the panes of glass by proxy, or as the Lawyers say by her next friend—in other words, that I should mount the pile of barrels and drum on the glass in her place. To this request I was absolutely inexorable, until my fair companion tripped up to my side and sounded shrilly in my ear—'verily methinks I hear it yet—'Why, Mr. Celebs, *it's Leap-year?*' This spell-word operated on my nerves like a shock of electricity—I sprang on to one of the barrels and commenced on the window the precise *rub a dub*, to which my ears had now grown somewhat familiar; but in my eagerness to display my aptness and skill at *tattoo*, I broke one of the panes of glass—and to add to my misfortune the barrel-head on which I stood gave way and let me down, and before I could escape, the merchant came out, and seizing me roughly by the collar, lifted me from the barrel and was about to take ample revenge for the insult; but recognizing me, he desisted, at the same time, exclaiming, 'can it be possible, Mr. Celebs, that it is you that have been annoying my window every evening for more than a week past—a young gentleman of your respectability—you shall answer for this, sir.' 'Mr. Threadlace,' said I, 'this affair shall be explained to-morrow; in the mean time I will send a glazier to repair your window.' I turned to look after my partner, but she had made her escape—her own home was but a few rods distant, where she had entered and was now in an attic window, as I could distinctly hear, enjoying the *luxury* of a laugh at my expense. As I passed under the window, she looked out and called after me—'Good night, Mr. Celebs—we have had some romantic adventures, truly; but you know *it's Leap-year?*' I bit my lips with vexation and hurried homeward, inwardly revolving whether I should

drown, shoot, or hang myself, the following morning.

On arriving at my room, however, I communed thus with myself—'should I blow out my brains, the world would be deprived of a valuable citizen and Literature of its brightest ornament, and, last, but not least, my poem of Don Carlos, would be left unfinished; therefore, would it not be more expedient to commute my purpose of suicide, for the humiliation of humbly beseeching Mrs. Jones, my landlady, to reveal forthwith the mysteries connected with Leap-year?' Out of pity to the world I chose the latter, and immediately summoned Mrs. Jones into my presence. Without much solicitation she gave me in substance the following history,

'St. Dennis, the greatest saint in the whole Calendar, St. Nicholas and St. Valentine not excepted, is he who presides over the destinies of Leap-year. Among the most important rites and ceremonies of this saint, is that which permits young Ladies, during Leap-year, to call on and visit the gentlemen; and it is to this custom that Mrs. Jones thinks may be fairly attributed the extraordinary number of marriages that always take place on that year; for, by a liberal construction of this ceremony, the ladies, she insinuates, take it upon themselves on that year—to *propose certain questions*, which during other years it is always expected should come from the side of the gentlemen. It is also by a licence of this ceremony, that young ladies, during Leap-year, play their pranks upon the windows of such incorrigible bachelors, as will, in spite of reason and common sense, shut themselves up in their rooms and pore over musty authors—in short, that, by this license, young ladies are privileged to do a great many things with impunity on that year, which on any other year would be deemed highly indecorous—in tender consideration of which privileges, it is the custom in all good old fashioned places, for the young ladies to celebrate the 29th of February in honor of *St. Dennis*.'

NERVOUS CELEBS, A.M.A.A.S.F.R.S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the French.

THE SERAPH AND THE MORTAL.

The theatre — in Paris was crowded with a brilliant assemblage to witness the representations of a young girl celebrated for her beauty, virtue, artless innocence, and extraordinary talents. The critics of that famed metropolis had never witnessed loveliness and genius so universally acknowledged and admired. The highest ranks vied with each other in praising her charms, her wonderful skill in music—the voice which nature had bestowed upon her as a precious gift corresponding with the rare grace of her person and the brilliancy of her mind. It was whispered abroad that she had received offers of marriage from the loftiest in wealth and rank—that the

choicest spirits of the age courted her society, and were spell-bound by her fascinations. Royalty itself had sanctioned the general opinion. Never had Paris seen an individual whose appearance was greeted with more rapturous acclamations.

The opera proceeded, until the scene appeared which was to introduce the heroine. Long before she entered, bursts of applause broke forth in various parts of the eager and dense throng—there was a moment's silence; and a creature, perfectly and exquisitely lovely, suddenly shone before them, bending with the grace of a summer bud amidst the tremendous peal of the gathered thousands which burst forth and died away, and burst forth again and again till the dome trembled and the foundation seemed rent assunder. Amid this tumult of enthusiasm, I stood with folded arms gazing at the vision, which to me seemed to have floated from the skies. A break of music from the orchestra announced a favorite air, and she came forward to the stage-lights to sing. Not in the depths of the green forest in the hush of noon—not in the desert in its wide desolation—not in the dark tomb itself, could reign a silence more perfect than hung over the vast multitude. It seemed as if the light and beautiful being whose lofty plumes of snow bent down above a radiant face, was an enchantress, and by some potent spell had struck each one into a statue, with the coloring and attitude and expression of life. And then when the last notes, which seemed warbled from the throat of a nightingale, had passed away, the silence for a moment continued, as if no one dared disturb the air on which yet rung the echo of the most delicious notes ever heard by mortals. I thought to myself, if fate would give such a creature to me! The idea haunted me—I loved her—I was wretched.

Three years after I met her in London. Dismal! I could not believe my own eyes. There was the same face—but all the glory was gone. It was dimmed and obscured. The seraph had sunk into the mortal. It was the sun shorn of his beams. It was the angel fallen, whose brightness was not the same. I had just married an artless girl, whose modesty shrank from every eye but mine, who could neither dance, nor sing, nor play on any instrument. It happened that we embarked together on a voyage of some length. I had every opportunity of judging of the character of my fair enchantress. It was dreadful. I shuddered at the escape I had made. How many a man is rendered miserable by falling in love with beauty and accomplishments, instead of mind and soul! L.

REDUCING A STORY.

There lived, away South, a famous sportsman, who not only made long shots in the field, but likewise at the board. In a word he was very fond of telling very large stories. Being aware that he carried this practice to a some-

what unwarrantable length, he commissioned his favorite black man, Cudjo, to give him a hint whenever he found him stretching the truth too much.

One day, dining in company with sundry other gentleman, he told some prodigious large stories: and, among the rest, of a fox he had killed, which had a tail twenty yards long. Honest Cudjo thought this was quite too extravagant; and as he stood behind his master's chair, he gave him a nudge.

'Twenty did I say? Perhaps I'm a little too fast. But 'twas all of fifteen.'

Cudjo gave him a second nudge.

'Eh!—let me see. 'Twas ten at least.'

A third nudge.

''Twas every inch of five.'

A fourth nudge.

''Twas three any how.'

A fifth nudge.

The sportsman took all these hints in good part until he received the last; when thinking his story was already cut down quite enough, he turned suddenly to his servant and exclaimed;—

'Why, d——n it, Cudjo, wont you let my fox have any tail?'

A clergyman who wished to know if the children of his parish understood their Bible, asked a lad whom he found reading the Old Testament, who was the wickedest man? 'Moses, to be sure, sir,' said the boy. 'Moses!' exclaimed the parson, 'how could that be?' 'Why, said the lad, *he broke all the ten commandments at once!*'

A worthy burgess, in England, was asked at one of the late elections, if he gave his vote from pure motives: 'Oh, zartainly, cried the bumpkin, 'vor I got as pure a vive pound note for it, as ever I had in my life!'

A Wary Creditor.—A dashing gentleman who was not reckoned among the number of the best paymasters, visiting his hatter, fixed upon one of the hats in the shop which he wished to have sent home upon credit; this being refused, he exclaimed, 'What do you refuse to give me credit for a hat?' when the latter replied, 'I have another trifling objection besides that of merely giving you credit—I should not like to be under the necessity of bowing to my *own hat*, till you may choose to pay for it.'

The skin of a fat Dog.—Would ye like to buy a dog skin sir? If its a good one I will buy it. A good one—why it was taken off of the fattest dog you ever saw, he was dreadful fat—oh you never did see any thing like it—he was as fat—as fat—oh he was *almighty* fat! But I don't know about fat dog's skins being so very good, I have heard they were tender.—Oh—but—wal—I dont know as I can say he was so darned thunderation fat arter all.

Councillor M——I, after he had retired from practice, being one day where the uncertainty of the law became the topic of conversation, was applied to for his opinion, upon which he laconically observed, 'If any man were to claim the coat on my back, and threaten my refusal with a law-suit, he should certainly have it, lest in defending my coat, I should too late find I was deprived of my waistcoat also.'

At a church where there was a call for a minister, two candidates appeared, whose names were *Adam* and *Low*. The latter preached an elegant discourse from the text—'Adam, where art thou?' In the afternoon, Adam preached from these words—'Lo, here am I!'

RURAL DEPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1832.

More News from Sea.—The ship *America* was spoken on the 25th of November with 1700 barrels of Sperm Oil, on board, and the *Meteor* on the 26th of January with 2,000 barrels of right Whale Oil.

Alhambra.—This is a continuation of the 'Sketch Book' by Washington Irving. It is ready for publication and may be expected soon, from the press of Carey & Lea, Philadelphia.

Heidenmaner, or the Pagan Camp.—This is the title of another new novel, by Mr. Cooper, which is said to be forthcoming.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,
Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending April 4th.

A. Birge, Warehouse Point, Ct \$1; W. Simmons, Hamilton N. Y. \$1; M. W. Elton, Van Deusen Ville, Ms. \$1; Mr. Bellamy, Albany, N. Y. \$1; H. A. Johnson, Canajoharie, N. Y. \$2; L. B. Sarle, F. M. Addison, N. Y. \$1; C. S. Whitney, Troy, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

Employment for Females.—Seven hundred females are employed at a lace establishment, in Newport, Rhode-Island. An eastern editor is in raptures about the matter, and declares it a pleasant sight to see so many ladies *taking the veil!*

The young grandson of Sir Walter Scott, to whom the *Tales of a Grandfather* were dedicated, died lately, aged eleven years.

Man has 246 bones; the head and the face 63, the trunk 59, the arms 64, and the lower extremities 60.—There are in man 201 muscles, or pairs of muscles.

Deep Wells.—Wells are sunk in China to the depth of 3000 feet in a mass of entire rock.

Cholera.—The Liverpool papers, of the 26th of February, state that although reports had been in circulation of some cases of Cholera having occurred in that place, they were entirely without foundation, and that up to that day the disease had certainly not made its appearance there.

The Mayor and Council of Boston have ordered a quarantine on all vessels arriving at that port from England, Ireland and Scotland.

Dandelions are said to be a corrector of the bile, a fine laxative, and most excellent in the liver complaint and dropsy.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Saturday last, by the Rev. William Chester, Mr. Alfred Wattles to Miss Caroline Rossmann.

At Bethlehem, on the 8th of February last, by the Rev. Mr. Kisan, Mr. Ralph Russ, Merchant of Castleton to Miss Katharine Caroline Boucher of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 18th ult. Ebenezer Derby, son of the late John Derby, aged 11 years and 24 days.

At Nantucket, on the 23d ult. Gideon Gardner, Esq. one of the first settlers of this city, aged 72.

At Estreville, near Georgetown, S. C. on the 17th ult. Capt. Frederick H. Coffin, in the 39th year of his age, son of Alexander Coffin, Esq. of this city.

At Albany, on the 26th ult. of a long and Consumption, Nathaniel S. Foster, in the 25th year of his age, son-in-law of Mr. Jacob L. Miller, formerly of this city.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

'It is I, be not afraid.'—MARK VI. 50.

With modest mein, 'tis I, He said,
And graceful waved his hand—
'O faithless heart be not afraid,
I've power o'er sea and land.
'Why dost thou doubt and fear to come;
Tho' waves abashed retire,
Children should hasten to his throne,
Their Great, Eternal Sire?
He paused on earth, and nature smiled—
The morning laughed aloud;
But when he hailed mankind his child,
The world was filled with God!
Each fibre of the varied leaf
And tendril of the vine,
From minute blade to teeming sheaf,
Declare his works sublime.
The pearly gems in ocean deep,
And glitt'ring, tempting mine;
The noble mind of man complete,
The Author speak Divine!
Then haste, thou spark of Deity,
His essence from the first;
Thy refuge is Eternity,
A gem, though dimmed by dust.
But it shall be renewed again
In never waning youth;
As glowing from his hand it came,
In innocence and truth.
'I bare the signet of his love,
Come do my will,' He said—
'Tis done my God, I come to prove—
'Tis I be not afraid?' ANSELMO.

From the New-York Mirror.

'LOOK ON THIS PICTURE.'

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

O, it is life! departed days
Fling back their brightness while I gaze;
'Tis Emma's self—this brow so fair,
Half-curtained in this glossy hair,
These eyes, the very home of love,
These dark twin-arches traced above,
These red, ripe lips that almost speak,
The fainter blush of this pure cheek,
The rose and lily's beauteous strife—
It is! ah, no—'tis all *but* life.
'Tis all *but* life—art could not save
Thy graces, Emma, from the grave;
Thy cheek is pale, thy smile is past,
Thy love-lit eyes have looked their last;
Mouldering beneath the coffin's lid,
All we adored of thee is hid;
Thy heart where goodness loved to dwell,
Is throbbless in the narrow cell;
Thy gentle voice shall charm no more,
Its last, last joyful note is o'er.
Oft, oft, indeed, it hath been sung,
The requiem of the fair and young;
The theme is old, alas! how old,
Of grief that will not be controlled,
Of sighs that speak a father's wo,
Of pangs that none but mothers know,

Of friendship with its bursting heart,
Doomed from the idol-one to part—
Still its sad debt must feeling pay,
Till feeling, too, shall pass away.

O say, why age and grief and pain
Shall long to go, but long in vain,
Why vice is left to mock at time,
And, gray in years, grow gray in crime;
While youth, that every eye makes glad,
And beauty, all in radiance clad,
And goodness, cheering every heart,
Come, but come only to depart;
Sunbeams, to cheer life's wintry day,
Sunbeams, to flash, then fade away.
'Tis darkness all! black banners wave
Round the cold borders of the grave;
There, when in agony we bend
O'er the flesh sod that hides a friend,
One only comfort then we know—
We too shall quit this world of wo;
We too, shall find a quiet place,
With the dear lost ones of our race;
O'er crumbling bones with theirs shall blend,
And life's sad story find an end.

And is this all? this mournful doom?
Beams no glad light beyond the tomb?
Mark where yon clouds in darkness ride;
They do not quench the orb they hide;
Still there it wheels—the tempest o'er,
In a bright sky to burn once more;
So, far above the clouds of time,
Faith can behold a world sublime;
There, when the storms of life are past,
The Light beyond shall break at last!

THE THAW SPIRIT.

[From the 'Year with other Poems,' by the Author of the 'Fall of the Indian.']

I have freed the stream from its icy chain,
And it goes rejoicing on to the main,
Like a traveller singing along the plain.
I have set the captive cataract free,
—It lifts on the hills a cry of glee,
And is marching away to the distant sea.
I have broken the sleep of the frozen lake,
—I have warmed its veins—it is broad awake,
Rejoicing death's slumber away to shake.
I have freed the sea from its iron thrall;
I have loosened the icicles from the wall,
—Like a beam of light from the eaves they fall.
See how the rescued waters run!
Leaping and dancing in the sun,
They escape—their freedom is once more won.
I have broken the grotto's crystal pile;
Lucid columns and radiant aisle,
And have poured in their depths the sunbeams smile.
The silent fount in the snowy cave,
Its sluice unsealed, now spouts its wave,
And leaps with a shout from its vaulted grave.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—The Letter S.

PUZZLE II.—The Grave.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is the Church steeple like Ireland?

II.

Who is the child of liberty and peace?

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